THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

GEORGE DEACON, ROBERT PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1557.

Choice Poetry.

ON A WEDDING.

You are to be married, Mary
This hour; as I shoot in
In the dewy light of the morning.
Your wedding-hour draws nigh.
Then off, you are riding, dressing,
To stand amid bridal throng;
In the same old house we played in,
You and I—what are we now, Mary?

Your bridesmaids—they were our playmates;
Those six roses, every one,
Could proof of our childish frolics,
Leave, jealousies, gone and small.
Do you mind how jeanne chanced to me,
And smiled at the word "dear?"
Twas a pretty nonsense—yet somewhere
I have kept my penny yet.

Do you mind our verses written
Together? our dreams of fame?—
Of large—how we'd storm all scenes!
What that sweet mystery came?
It is a mystery now, Mary,
'Tis as unveiled year by year;
Till—like a pale, passing morning,
And I—I am lying here.

I cannot picture your face, Mary,
The face of the bride to-day!
You have outgrown my knowledge
In years that have stepped away:
I see but the girlish likeness
Brown eyes, and brown falling hair
Cast shyness, I did love you deeply,
And was proud that you were fair!

Many speak my name, Mary,
While yours is home's sincere lore.
The future I read is lofty gazes,
You will read in your children's eyes.
The past—the same past with action—
Is to you a soft, pleasant scene.
But I cannot see it clearly,
For the grayest mist rose between.

I am glad you are happy, Mary!
These tears, did you see them fall,
Would show you how much I love to rejoice,
I have reconsidered all.
And though my way is not happy,
And yours with its joy runs o'er,
Good-by, you're in sweetness, Mary,
Dreaming for evermore.

Pictures of Life.

THE TEXAN MONTROSS:
OR,
THE ENTHUSIAST'S DREAM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY C. W. WEBBER, OF KENTUCKY,
AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE," "THE SHOT IN THE EYE," &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by C. W. Webber, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The bridesmaid I am about to give to our readers is them familiar to leading men of Texas, though they have never been related in print. On my part, I had engaged to visit at the house of a friend, who was a planter, living high up on the Brazos River. Our time was principally occupied in hunting. As I had just arrived in the country, the abundant sport afforded by the noble game, and the game, with which it supplied, be said literally to swarm, afforded a diversion to my morbid feeling, and kept me in a continued state of excitement. I was thus on my way to the grander part of the time.

Though not a woodsman, so far as making my way through the heavy forests of the West was concerned, yet finding myself for the first time upon the vast and unexplored prairies of the Southern Prairies, I was for a long time surprised that though unsuccessful reckless, I should be so much bewildered, and even timid, as to be tempted to feel my way.

The latter marks are so different, as well as the modes of using them, from those to which I had been accustomed, that I was frequently confused and nervous before I was so finding myself left in the wilderness of the land, alone amidst the immeasurable nature, with no companion save one fellow the course, where all was trackless.

When I would thus get "turned round," as it is called, in the conformation, that I had, in my course, would drive the blood to my heart; the startled sense of the revulsion is difficult to describe. Body and mind would unite for a moment as if sinking under the weight of a dense calamity, and then returning blood would leap back to the liver, thrilling every fiber with a shudder. A thousand stories of bloody deaths under the tomahawk, making knife of savage hordes, met in the wide wilderness of plains; of confused feelings day by day, strange bringing the victim back to his own track, but only to destroy, targets death of starvation relieved the bewilderment; of headed waters with plunging foes, hungry yells and furious feet, pursuing the uncertain flight which has betrayed to their ferocious instinct a new prey in the lone man; of gnawing pangs, and thirst springing from the thirst upon the deep decay of his faculties, and the sense of the vague, and unutterable horror of lonely, unavenged and unrecorded death in a thousand forms,—until self-possession rushed, and the mad impulse was to strike spurs into my horse and plunge blindly on amidst them all.

This singular sensation gradually loses its intensity, when, by a series of happy accidents, rather than intelligent guidance, one emerges from it requires a less furious struggle to recall ourselves to calmness, and the cool consideration of the position in which we are placed.

But let there be no inexperience can well be awarded unless you are a man of very strong nerves, yet be in a man of very strong nerve who can, even then, fear by his horse, after a hearer chase of hubbub, and, as well, at last, and the feel much of this appalled startle, when, the slaughter over, he looks around with asking eyes on the fast time to see what he has done.

A sinking sense of loneliness and awe is the condition of the horse and bewildering excitement under which he has been urged, and which he knows not in what direction, or how far. He looks around him, and the solitude and stillness of loss dread for awhile; the contrast of the still-ness, even the last sound intervened, with the crashing, raging impetus which he has obeyed, hears, is too oppressive, and he dares not make a sound. He stands shuddering with the dim consciousness that he has just done murder to the sight of his peaceful mother, Earth, means ever has represented to him, and he is afraid to move, and the whole forest, with its straight stems, the vaulted pile with its flower eyes, the broad expanse, the wide air itself, all seem for one instant to have stood still as gaze upon the unholy deed. There has but one relief to this—a sigh, a groan, a breath as he looks upon its fixed, but sentinel eyes.

He cannot stand all this. I said it was but for one instant, and then it's hindered horizon resumes its sway upon his heart, and he turns his course is along upon his horse, and he turns his head towards the nearest high land to look his the country lies. If he recognizes no familiar land-marks, and he sees that he is out of his range, he then takes his course by the direction of the prevailing winds, the moss upon the trees, the position of the sun, the course of the streams or the buffalo trails, by the light of birds, or a thousand other telegraphic characters which he has learned to read.

But then he has nevertheless experienced, however briefly, this vague feeling of terror and dread, to which we have alluded, and as one lost an old skinny Trapper, whose whole life has been passed among the mountains, ever entirely loses this sensation or confusion, but he of horse or those mighty solitudes; because, in the first place, he is a hunter bent, and in the next, if he were, it would be all the same to him. He can live wherever a small, a forest, or a rover can live, and he seems little if he loses the fear of a man for a year or two; in that time he is sure to come out somewhere, even if it be on the Pacific coast! The deep gorges of the mountains afford him shelter and repose in winter; the open plains of the summer. A creek is a home, a rush is either out enough for him, and pitching under the shelter of the hillsides, though they do bring the thunder for their host!

He reserves until years unless him wild, and then he chooses between the two—the bullet, or death. The finishing wolf is merciful to him. Teeth and claws of carnivorous animals are nothing new, but fast and loud to glut his starving fangs. Blood! blood! Blood is to him Ambrosia. The Arctic Circle and the tropics are equally his home, and the sentence of "bearer tail!" He is nomadic upon "buffalo hump," and says his dishonest inspiration from a gourd of "bark juice." What knows he, then, of that "dim religious awe" within the natural temples of the Most High, at which I have hinted! Not he! He has communed in these temples what the world calls a practical priest, and runs up the "dusk cathedral" like a cur, as harsh and as steely hard!

But to return to our story. The day's hunt had been unusually exciting one. We had started four after the following fashion. Three animals had preceded upon the open ground, a band about eleven o'clock, A. M., they may be seen in long lines meandering towards the nearest wood, which usually, throughout Texas, grows more in margin of the small lakes or banks of streams.

They are now going to water, and repose in the shade until three or four o'clock in the afternoon, when they come out to feed again. The deer of the prairies is a very swift variety, with smaller antlers than the common buck of our forests and bears. We stationed ourselves some half a mile distant in the prairie on foot horses, and as they were most skilled with the common "hoss" of the country, and others with our hunters plains, as in my own case. A negro was also to be in called, was then sent in with dogs on the opposite side of the wood to drive the game out into the plain; for, contrary to the usage of the common deer, the creature of the plains makes straight for open ground directly when pursued, and we awaiting their exit chased them by sight on the horses. We had but little time to wait, for within twenty minutes out burst a number of deer. It was a splendid sight as they came plunging into the long grass and meadow, and with their dark shadows suddenly, with their white throats, their "antlered pride" thrown back, and round their bold sharp behind to hasten the fleeting agony of "half-mortified" hound. It is one of the most exciting scenes I have in the sports of the country.

We reined up our horses for the start; bending forward with eager eyes and bounding pulses we awaited the instant when they should have passed the line of the timber, and the moment in which they trust to their flying feet for safety. But though those they had to flee enough to leave the Red Wolf far behind, of Texas, they have never been related in print. On my part, I had engaged to visit at the house of a friend, who was a planter, living high up on the Brazos River. Our time was principally occupied in hunting. As I had just arrived in the country, the abundant sport afforded by the noble game, and the game, with which it supplied, be said literally to swarm, afforded a diversion to my morbid feeling, and kept me in a continued state of excitement. I was on my way to the grander part of the time.

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Our Picture Gallery.

KAUTERSKILL FALLS.

The mountains, far, as will be seen by the engraving, are situated in the county of Greene, and divided by a sheltering break in the rocks, are in the Catskill Mountains, about two miles from "Pine Orchard," the summit of which is crowned by the house of the mountain overhanging the Hudson, and about fourteen miles from the village of Catskill. The Falls are entered by two small lakes, which make in their center, and are precipitated down the broken rocks into a chasm two hundred and sixty feet in depth, forming, when the water is present, as it often is, a most magnificent appearance of a feather waving in the air. The first cascade is a perpendicular fall of one hundred and eighty feet, the water then rushes along a space of about one hundred feet, and is again precipitated over a craggy height of eighty feet.

Behind the first fall is an immense projecting tree, into which visitors can enter and look out upon the ever-falling curtain of mist that rolls like wild and romantic spot from the rays of the sun. We have heard of New Yorkers who, on their European tours, have gone to Ireland for the purpose of visiting the far-famed Killarney, but feeble on the estate of Lord Portsmouth, who have never seen the beautiful cascades of the Kauterskill! But every year this romantic spot has become an increased number of visitors, and the Pine Orchard House often at a crowded visitors. We be ashamed to acknowledge that he has not seen these loveliest of waterfalls. Niagara is immense, overpowering, sublime, but it has not the awe-inspiring to the imagination; you feel that you stand in the presence of the rushing flood, as though the heavens had melted and come down. A new feeling of reverence for God's majesty comes over you; there is nothing of this trembling, awe-inspiring sensation at the Kauterskill. It is the spirit of beauty, and not of terror, that seems to hover around the scene, and to play in the plighted rainbow that lives in the falling spray. The scene is beautiful in early Spring, when the trees are putting on their tender green, and the dogwood blushes are white with blossoms, and in mid-summer, when the mountain laurel lies in the Autumn, when the forest leaves are dyed in crimson and purple, and the sky blue; then the chasm, and the Falls, and the mountains, and the Lake of the Kauterskill in their gorgeous and magnificent beauty. But at this season, when the mountain streams are in the crowded stream of cities, and the wild enchantments of Nature are deserted for the artificial delights of city life, go lingers and leave alluring them sun-light in the mountains, and the fast atmosphere of heated rooms is preferred to the pure and health-giving air of the mountains and forests.

The name of Kauterskill is said not to have a very delicate meaning, and we sometimes see it written Catskill; but we should be sorry to see the name substituted for it. If it is a pure thing, as Aubrey says, it is at least "one own," and looks and sounds quite as well in poetry as the greater number of classical names that our countrymen are so fond of borrowing from the Greek.

Selected Articles.

ADVANTAGES OF BEING AVARICIOUS:
OR, THE HUSBAND'S REPORT.

A stranger of great distinction, and who played an inconsiderable part in the political drama of the day, has lately returned to Paris, where our readers must no doubt for a long time. On his first visit to the capital, young and already talented, he was received into the embassy of the Count de St. Gertude. The return of the personage has excited the curiosity of the Parisian world, justified, it would seem, by forward manners, and by a consequence of character which may be traced to the grandeur now going on in the minds of the salonnagers. The individual in question was not born and educated in the shop where he has made himself placed by the light of parliament. Instead of being tempered by early education, his character, naturally rough, received and unrefined, was rendered almost unpersonable by the habits of a life spent amid camps and courts. He forms, too, like his personage to him hate; and it has been frequently remarked that those who climb riches by their own labor are found in middle life, and even in the powerful attachment for the wealth which long years of privation and laborious conquest have taught them immoderately to value.

At the time of this Gaucious stranger's entrance into the world of Paris, there existed in secret, the curious and jealous of others' prosperity, conducted that life should go without a check. Envied by two great factions—avarice was brutality. The latter of these lands was a red flame, and lived in middle life, and the conquered poignard as fleeing to a wife well born, brought up in the most polished society, encumbered by the wife which nobility and wealth had given, and the unbounded of accidentally good breeding. It was the latter kind before she was made to feel the change, for the character of her husband began to display itself in the early days of her married life, and it made a deadly blow to single with the perversion of the honey-moon. This was not, and all the polished happiness faded away. Some misunderstood and unmeasured under the most favorable auspices, was to shame destroyed by stormy bellowings which terrified servants and frightened. It required all the rare virtues of the young with not to succumb to the whole which hostilities, terror, injury and grief compelled her to undergo.

One day, after a course of unequal violence which had not terminated in personal acts of offensive, the irascible husband entered his own apartment, whither he was followed by an old servant, who had lived with him from infancy, and whom he loved. She, by his side, was the only one of righteous had served the right to speak plainly, a privilege which she had frequently exercised, sending the still unsuppressed rage, he very frankly commented on the conduct of his friend, as he had witnessed it in the morning. He was answered with a gloomy air, and when the history was terminated, he said:

"Your reproof is just; I deserve it; and I reproach myself more bitterly than you have done; but I am not the only one to blame. I am not, I repeat it to you, the only one to blame. Ah! if you knew all that I have suffered, you would pity me, and not reproach me."

"Yes, you are mad."

"No; I know what I am doing—I am punishing myself."

When the bell was nothing but a small heap of black ashes, now here—and he may be called upon to be a witness of the fact—he is a man of very strong nerves.

"I mean, on my honor, that each time I give way to my brutality towards my wife, I will punish myself in the most sensible part—my purse of money."

This oath was religiously kept. Since that day the miser has strictly paid for the brutality of the husband. After a scene of violence it appears before his self-appointed tribunal, and committing to the law which he himself kept dear, the sum which he considered a proper reward. The condemned opens the casket which contains his treasure, takes out the number of pieces of gold, counts them, and then, with a sigh, replaces in the money-box, and takes a bank-bill and leaves it.

The punishment was always proportioned to the offence; he had a tariff graduated by the degrees of crime; for a simple harshness the price was small, for a violent fracas; for a blow against a woman, one thousand; and if gesture and actions had followed the spoken language, it was two thousand francs. This course, his friend states, might have raised him, for in a single month it sometimes happened that thirty thousand francs turned out otherwise. He became so entirely accustomed to this kind of punishment, that it appeared. The severity of the remedy worked a perfect cure. Now he is kind, patient and gentle, and his wife, who is a lady of great distinction in point of qualities all choice; and, what crowned the whole, of unsullied reputation and virtue, and spends his ample fortune freely and liberally.

Hungry they who have not only the force of mind, but the means of so eradicating a vice. Whether many French husbands will follow the example of this miser, and there fasten to correct in themselves, is a matter of considerable doubt.—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."—Dante has noticed how slowly and gradually the mind of man is developed, though so obtuse he in the way; and how difficult it is to overcome the influence of some tendency in men. Say any thing boldly, and it has a chance of being repeated; it it to be whispered, and you are sense of its mouth, it is soon whispered from ear to ear, and nothing seems almost sooner; they jump and jump from mind to mind, and you may scarcely tell how they came there. Subscribe has taken pains to lay the belief that Bacon in the center of that "Shakspeare" question, in his "Advancement of Power." He assures us the place in knowledge to be found in Bacon. It has been a contingent to the world, and it is a matter of wonder that he is to be unsuccessful in the center of the to be unsuccessful in the center of the to be unsuccessful in the center of the

Miscellaneous.

CONCENTRATION OF TRADE.

[illegible]

A NEW PHYSIOLOGICAL TEST OF INSANITY.

[illegible]

TREES AND FRUIT.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would [illegible]

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENTS.

[illegible]

THE PENDULUM EXPERIMENT.

[illegible]

NOT MARRIED.

[illegible]

AMUSING.

[illegible]

NEWSPAPER PERSONALITIES.

[illegible]

TO POETS.

[illegible]

NEW FEMALE COSTUMES.

In order to keep up with the movements of this very progressive age, we present to the view of our readers this week, two figures—one of a lady in coat and pants, according to the fashion set by the celebrated Miss Webber, of Belgium; the other of a young lady in skirts and pantalettes, in the style of which so much has recently been said. As to the lady in coat and pants, we can say nothing in her favor,—we leave her to the undisguised ridicule of all sensible men and women. As to "pantalettes," we have said we would leave this question to the ladies, and we will. We insist upon their having a distinctive dress from men—we stand upon our rights in that respect; but further than this we presume not to meddle. Looking at the above picture, we even think that—if we were heart-whole—we could possibly fall in love with a young lady in "pantalettes."

Of course, our picture is only of one style of the "new rig;" doubtless there are variations of this, endless as the feminine imagination can conceive. The dress is called Turkish, but we see it stated that this is the Turkish *in-door* dress, and not that for *out-door* occasions. No woman ventures into the streets of the orderly city of Constantinople, unprotected by a long robe reaching nearly to the feet, and entirely veiling the comfortable brevity of her home toilette. Mrs. Bloomer, of "The Lily," a leader in the movement, thus describes the new dress:

Our costume is yet by no means perfected; there is a lack of harmony in the dress we now wear, which is nothing different from the reigning fashion, except that our skirts have been robbed of about a foot of their former length and a pair of loose trousers of the same material as the dress, substituted. These latter *extend from the waist to the ankle*, and may be gathered into a band and buttoned round the ankle, or, what we think prettier, gathered or plaited up about two inches in depth, and left sufficiently wide for the foot to pass through, and allow of their falling over the top of the gaiter. They may be trimmed to suit the taste of the wearer. Instead of the whalebone bodice, the dress should be made with a sack front, entire from the shoulder to the knees, and a tight back, with the skirt gathered in as usual; or cut the whole in the sack style—fitting the form to the waist, and then let it swell out, giving sufficient fullness for the skirt. Shawls must be abandoned, and a sack or mantilla take their place, a nice fitting boot or gaiter, and a round hat would make the whole unique.

Our dress is, thus far, a mere experiment, and not what we think it should be. It takes time to revolutionize one's wardrobe, as well as one's opinions.

It has been reported that Mrs. Swisshelm was in favor of the new dress, but this somewhat eccentric but very sensible and talented lady, says:—

We never thought dress of so much importance as to be worth any great act of moral heroism. We would not subject ourself to the rude gaze of a mob on the street, or the insolence of ruffians and boys, for any thing less than the salvation of a soul. No dress could be comfortable or convenient to us which would gather half-a-dozen of boys to stare at us. We should never think of being a martyr for such slight cause as the pattern of a new frock; nor have we any need to be so, for neither health nor convenience requires it. Godey, Graham, and Sartain combined, could not get up a fashion that we could not, in five minutes arrange into a comfortable, convenient, healthful costume, without making any change which would attract the attention of a casual observer. Very few will notice that a dress lacks two, three or four inches of touching the pavement when the wearer walks, yet this saves the nastiness of street-sweeping. Very few will observe that a bodice, instead of being made in the form of an hour-glass, has the natural curves of a human form, and is wide enough to admit of full breathing, yet this effectually does away with all unhealthiness and inconvenience. We can walk, and climb, and dance with more ease and freedom in a whalebone bodice than any loose sack, simply because we make the bodice to fit the waist instead of the waist to fit the bodice. Long skirts are no trouble to us, because we never have them unnecessarily heavy, and make them to rest upon the shoulders.

Those who believe a radical change is necessary to alter the present absurd, suicidal fashions, and who have the energy to spare for that purpose, deserve all credit for so expending it. Poor human nature is prone to extremes, and very likely the most effectual way of persuading women to quit sweeping streets with their skirts is to cut them off at the knee; but in our mind the dress is associated with ideas of juvenility, and it will take some time to make us feel that a woman who has reached middle life would not look badly in it. Long, loose skirts are so intimately connected in our mind with womanhood, as gowns and wigs in the mind of an Englishman, with a court of justice.

A New York correspondent of the "Inquirer" of this city, says:—

I saw this morning, for the first time, the new costume adopted by some of the ladies; and I must say I was rather agreeably disappointed. The lady wearing it, was on the way to your city, and I crossed the Jersey City ferry on the same boat with her. The costume was of a dark grey worsted goods; the dress reaching just below the knees, and the Turkish trousers of the same goods fastened around the ankles. She wore a kind of sack overcoat, and on her head was placed a handsome straw hat, with broad brim. She had very pretty looking feet, which were enveloped in patent leather boots, giving them quite a neat appearance. I do not, however, like it altogether so well as the old fashions. It does very well when the ladies are determined to wear the breeches at home, but it does not look very effeminate to wear them in the street. A handsome dress of the prevailing style, and those which sweep the streets, is, after all, the most beautiful in which the female form can be attired.

The lady above alluded to, or perhaps another of the "pantalette" school, has since reached Philadelphia and been seen in our streets, where she made a great sensation. We regret to say, however, that we have not yet enjoyed the pleasure of encountering her. We should feel flattered in receiving a call, that we may be able to inform our quarter of a million of *readers* (not subscribers) whether the new dress is as "*captivating*," as "*exquisitely simple and graceful*," as a Syracuse correspondent of a New York paper asserts.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

The most important news from Europe since our last, is that a complete panic pervaded the Liverpool Cotton Market, and that a further decline of three-eights to one-half penny per pound had taken place. Fair Orleans is now quoted at 6¼a6½d. The advance of sixpence on flour, had not been sustained. Wheat was dull, but corn very firm.

As to the general news, it is reported that the King of Naples is dead, and that Queen Isabella, of Spain, had broken her leg in getting out of a carriage. The news of the success of the Saldanha insurrection in Portugal is confirmed.

In England, the Great Exhibition is still well attended, notwithstanding the rainy weather. The average daily receipts for some days before the sailing of the "Baltic," had been about four thousand dollars.

The English Ministry have to undergo every week or two, the mortification of being outvoted. England has withdrawn her protest against the admission of the Austrian provinces into the Germanic confederation.

Paris has been a little excited of late by a statement made by Girardin, in the *Presse*, bearing upon the Generals Changarnier and Cavaignac. "To the first, who passes for one of the most evenly poised and sensible men in France, he attributes, in 1848, nothing less than a scheme for invading England, and proclaiming a Republican form of government. The accusations against Cavaignac are of a less original kind, and have for the greater part received their answer in the defence which the Ex-Chief of the Executive made before the Constituent Assembly. The first half of the page of the *Presse* is occupied by the fac-simile of a telegraphic despatch, in enormous type, published at Algiers, on the 18th of June, 1848, and announcing the fall of the Executive Commission of Arago, Garnier Pages, Ledru Rollin, Lamartine, and Marie, which only took place a week after, and the substitution of an Executive Commission of three members, MM. Armand Marrast, Berger, and Cavaignac in its place." He asks: Were the events which were to stain the streets of Paris with blood on the 23rd, 24th, 25th, and 26th of June, already prepared on the 15th of June behind the curtain?" "M. Girardin then proceeds to show that M. Armand Marrast resigned his functions as Mayor of Paris at this epoch to prepare himself for becoming one of the triumvirs. He brings up the old charges against Cavaignac of letting the insurrection gain head to forward the objects of his private ambition; and attributes his own arrest on the 25th of June, to Cavaignac's apprehension that he would pounce upon the Akbar of Algiers, which arrived in Paris that day, containing the famous telegraph despatch of the 18th sent from Paris on the 13th." We believe that neither of the Generals have yet taken the slightest public notice of these charges.

A Presburg paper says that the Turkish Porte has declared that it assumes the obligation of retaining in custody Kossuth, his wife, Count Batthyani, Nocolaus and Moritz Perczel, Asbath, Gyurman, Luley and Wisocky, and makes their fate dependent on further transactions with Austria. This does not come very straight, and may be, as we hope it is, an error.

THE NAVY.

An officer (probably an under one) writing from the ship Independence, complains of the bad conduct of the men in the Mediterranean Squadron, since the abolition of corporeal punishment. He says:

Thefts, drunkenness and desertion (or what is termed taking French leave, that is leaving the ship for a few days without permission) are much more frequent than common, and the officers, notwithstanding the greatest exertion, cannot preserve even tolerable discipline, and until Congress adopt a more efficient mode of punishment than mere confinement, those scamps (mostly landsmen and boys) will continue to laugh at all order, for what is thirty or sixty days in a prison-room in irons to such men, many of them *boasting of having served five and six years in a State Prison?* There are at present thirty of those fellows confined in this ship, of which fourteen are for stealing their shipmates' clothes, and carrying them on shore to sell for rum.

Of course the change may work badly for a while, in certain cases. The navy had become so odious to many high-spirited seamen, on ac- [illegible]

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Riddle, the American agent at the World's Fair, keeps up as in duty bound a stout heart, in the midst of the almost universal misgiving of the Americans in London that we are completely distanced. He says:

Our contributions are national, characteristic, and unique. They are abundant enough to give some idea of our resources, ingenious enough to show our skill, and superior enough in quality to prove our capabilities. We have a better machine, any mechanic being the judge—than stands within the building. We have a clearer conception of the graceful in vehicles than every other nation here. We are greatly beyond even England in agricultural implements. We can lay one sample of our cutlery by the side of Sheffield's thousand specimens, and carry off the palm.—France has not sent a chandelier; Norway and Sweden have not contributed a bushel of wheat; the Indies have not furnished a barrel of rice; London has not displayed a paper-hanging, or chemicals, or specimens of book-bindery, or dentists' work, or hats, or needle-work, or harness, that will compare with those we display upon our counters. Our pianos will be unsurpassed. We have scores of barrels of flour altogether unequalled. We have carpenters' tools in abundant variety, far before other nations. And in the productions of our soil, in Indian corn, and cotton, and tobacco, and all the finest grains, we stand where we ought.

He also says that the Exhibition is not to close before the Autumn—perhaps as late as the first of November, and that articles from the United States will be admitted up to the first of August. He is exceedingly desirous that America should "do better"—not that she has not done well, but that she might do so much more. He says:

From the workshops, manufactories, and homesteads of New England and New York, from the plantations of the Southern States, and from the great markets all along our seacoast, there is yet time to send to this great gathering of the peaceful arts much that would fairly represent us in what we are not represented now.

Flannels, cloths, calicoes, cambrics, shoes, hats, hosiery, tools, machinery, (not for steam motion, for there is no further room for that,) cutlery, nails, muskets, swords, glassware, cotton, tobacco, rice, tarred cordage, and I know not *what else* and *what not*, are wanted here, fully to impress upon the nations gathered upon this spot what we really are as a nation. Even at the late day at which shipments made would arrive, we shall be but little, if at all, in the rear, in point of time, of many European nations. And I have this to say, that could our countrymen be here upon the spot for but a single day, and witness the regret that every American feels in the full consciousness of the greatness of his country, and what she *might* have done, at the little we have done, he would send *the very carving knife from his table, or the blanket from his bed,* before his country should be other than fitly and fully represented in her productions and resources before the world.

Yes, Mr. Riddle, you are right there—we, for one, would send the carving knife from our table, or the blanket from our bed, (this kind of weather) before the country should suffer. There's patriotism for you. When you want that carving knife or blanket, therefore, Mr. Riddle, just send along.

By the way, we think it would "*impress the nations*" (as Mr. Riddle says) to send one of the big Mississippi steamboats to the Exhibition, and let the Europeans see how easy they blow up, and with what philosophy we Americans endure such accidents—being used to them. Doubtless a sufficient number of our countrymen could be got to volunteer for the occasion. Or if we could send the State of Ohio as she was fifty years ago, and is now, we think the "nations" would also be somewhat "impressed," those of them who were not crowded out of Great Britain by the operation.

THE DROP GAME.

We might suppose that, by this time, every man, woman and child, in the country, knew what the "Drop Game" meant; but it is evident that from such accounts as the following, which frequently appear in the daily papers of our large cities, that many persons are still ignorant of this common trick of swindlers. The "Boston Museum" says:

A merchant from Athens, Me., was sold in this city, last week, to the tune of forty-five dollars, on the "drop game." A stranger approached him, having just found a pocket-book filled with [illegible]

MR. TUPPER.

[illegible]

A GOOD ARTICLE.

[illegible]

New Publications.

TO PUBLISHERS.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

MARRIED BY MISTAKE.

[illegible]

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

[illegible]

[illegible] bull-dog and a mastiff might receive a deputation of spaniels and poodles. 'I will give my answer in writing,' growled out the expounder, as much as to say, 'I am not such a fool as to trust such blockheads as you to carry a verbal answer.' After a pause, which the defender showed no inclination to break, His Honor, the Mayor, ventured to put in—'Mr. Webster, I hope you enjoy your health, sir?' 'My health is good enough!' muttered the thunderer. The Mayor succumbing, one of the worshipful Aldermen undertook to make the *frais* of the conversation, 'We have a fine day after the storm, sir?' 'The weather's well enough!' quoth the defender, and the Civic Fathers left the presence, considering themselves snubbed."

POSTSCRIPT.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival of the Canada, we learn that, on the 16th, the demand for Cotton being large, and the quantity offering reduced, prices recovered ⅛ to ⅜d. per lb. from the extreme point of depression. The tone of the Manchester market has improved. In Liverpool and Manchester, it is believed the extreme point of depression is passed, and that business will resume its course.

The news generally is unimportant. Crowds continued to press into the Crystal Palace. The Queen makes a daily private visit. The receipts of a single day had been as high as £3,000.—Season tickets still sell at first price.

The Liverpool Journal announces that in a week or so the present Ministry will resign, and Lord Stanley accept office.

Cavaignac is now prominently put forward for the Presidency in France.

The advices from the cape of Good Hope are unfavorable to a speedy cessation of hostilities. The English have not troops enough.

TERRIBLE RIOT.—There was a terrible riot at Hoboken, opposite New York, on Monday. A large number of Germans, accompanied by their wives and children, held their annual May festival at that place. A gang of New York rowdies, called "Short Boys," intruded themselves upon the Germans, an altercation ensued which finally ended in a tremendous row, in which clubs, stones and even firearms, were freely used. Several persons were killed on both sides, and a great many much injured. The military were finally ordered out. A number of the Germans were arrested.

THE COSDEN MASSACRE.—A full confession has been made by a man named Shaw. The parties were Taylor, Shelton, Murphy and himself. Webster, the uncle of Mrs. Cosden, is acknowledged to be innocent.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—Robert Rantoul (Free Soil Dem.) is elected in the Second District by a plurality of 1,000 votes. B. Thompson (Whig,) in the Fourth, by a plurality of 100 votes. It is probable that Bishop (Coalition,) is elected in the Seventh.

Clippings.

☞ Several clergymen in Boston and its vicinity, among whom we hear mentioned Rev. Mr. Huntington and Rev. Mr. Ware, recently preached sermons, in which they took occasion to condemn the Polka, Scottische, and other fashionable dances now so much in vogue. Right.

☞ In literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestible superiority.

☞ A sailor who had been for several years [illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILA.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. Arthur.

THE BRIDE OF THE EVENING, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

THE TEXAS HUNTRESS, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

MAY-DAY ODE.

Thackeray has written a poem of considerable length, upon the opening of the London Exhibition. It is scarcely worthy publication entire, and therefore we give the concluding verses, which are the best:

Our brethren cross the Atlantic tides,
Loading the gallant decks which once
Roared a defiance to our guns
With peaceful store;
Symbol of peace, their vessel rides!
O'er English waves float Star and Stripe,
And firm their friendly anchors gripe
The father shore!

From Rhine and Danube, Rhone and Seine,
As rivers from their sources gush
The swelling floods of nations rush,
And seaward pour;
From coast to coast in friendly chain,
With countless ships we bridge the straits,
And angry Ocean separates
Europe no more.

From Mississippi and from Nile—
From Baltic, Ganges, Bosphorus,
In England's Ark assembled thus
Are friend and guest.
Look down the mighty sunlit aisle,
And see the sumptuous banquet set,
The brotherhood of nations met
Around the feast:

I feel a thrill of love and awe
To mark the different garb of each,
The changing tongue, the various speech
Together blent.
A thrill, methinks, like His who saw
"All people dwelling upon earth,
"Praising our God with solemn mirth
"And one consent."

Along the dazzling colonnade,
As far as straining eye can gaze,
Gleam cross and fountain, bell, and vase,
In vistas bright.
And statues fair of nymph and maid,
And steeds and pards and Amazons,
Writhing and grappling in the bronze,
In endless fight.

To deck the glorious roof and dome,
To make the Queen a canopy,
The peaceful hosts of industry
Their standard bear.
You are the works of Brahmin loom;
On such a web of Persian thread
The desert Arab bows his head,
And cries his prayer.

Look yonder where the engines toil,
These England's arms of conquest are,
The trophies of her bloodless war;
Brave weapons these.
Victorious over wave and soil,
With these she sails, she weaves, she tills,
Pierces the everlasting hills,
And spans the seas.

The engine roars upon its race,
The shuttle whirrs along the woof,
[illegible]

[illegible]

Varieties.

IMPROVEMENT OF THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

[illegible]

THE OFFICIAL CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Washington Republic publishes the following official announcement of the Seventh Census of the United States:—

POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES—APPORTIONMENT OF REPRESENTATIVES.

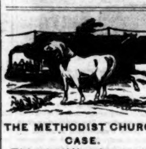
States.	White population.	Free colored population.	Total free.	Slaves.	Federal Rep. population.	No. of Rep's.	Fractions.
Alabama,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Arkansas,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
California,	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Connecticut,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Delaware,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
Florida,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]
Georgia,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Indiana,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Illinois,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Iowa,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kentucky,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Louisiana,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maine,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Massachusetts,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Maryland,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mississippi,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Michigan,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Missouri,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New Hampshire,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New York,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
New Jersey,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	119	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
North Carolina,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ohio,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pennsylvania,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Rhode Island,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
South Carolina,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Texas,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Vermont,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Virginia,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wisconsin,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	—	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
District of Columbia,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]			
TERRITORIES.							
Minnesota,	[illegible]	—	[illegible]				
New Mexico,	[illegible]	—	[illegible]				
Oregon,	[illegible]	—	[illegible]				
Utah,	[illegible]	—	[illegible]				
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Representatives allowed for fractional numbers, as marked,						[illegible]	
Whole number of Representatives under the next apportionment,						233	

* These States have a Representative added to the number of apportionment.
† Including 710 civilized Indians.

RECAPITULATION.

	Total free population.	Slaves.	Representative population.
Free States,	[illegible]	119	[illegible]
Slave States,	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
District and Territories,	[illegible]	[illegible]	
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Total free population,			[illegible]
Slaves,			[illegible]
			[illegible]
Ratio of Representation,			[illegible]

General News.



THE METHODIST CHURCH CASE.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

☞ The Legislature of Massachusetts has decided not to abolish capital punishment, by a vote of 97 to 172. This is an increased vote, however, in favor of its abolition since the last trial.

STIRRING APPEAL.—The following appears in a Michigan paper:—"Democrats of Ionia—if you are asleep, awake! If you are awake, move! If you are moving, walk! If you are walking, run! If you are running, *fly to the rescue!*"

☞ A new paper entitled the "American Patriot," is about to be established in New York, by Messrs. Williams & Swartwout. It will support Gen. Scott for the next Presidency.

☞ The Democratic Convention which met at Salem, Massachusetts, recently adopted a series of resolutions sustaining a distinct organization in opposition to the Free Soilers. The Hon. H. J. Brown, of Salem, was nominated for Congress. A great deal of harmony and spirit characterized the Convention.

THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION.—The President was received with all due honor in his native State,—only two things occurring to disturb his equanimity. At Utica the Mayor's address was strongly tinctured with Free Soilism; while in Albany one of the banners was inscribed "Our own *dear* Fillmore," the adjective being underscored. Such things will however occur sometimes in the "best regulated families." The President has arrived safe at Washington.

☞ The Massachusetts Legislature has adjourned. The proposition to remove the Seat of Government from Boston to Worcester, was, after some debate, laid upon the table. The proposition to grant the aid of the State in building the Portland and Halifax Railway, was finally referred to the next Legislature.

☞ The Hon. John P. Hale is engaged to defend Elizur Wright and others in the approaching Shadrach rescue case—Judge Allen having declined on account of ill health.

☞ The Senate anti-slavery resolutions have been laid on the table in the Massachusetts House by three majority. The discussion upon them was quite animated.

Quite a stringent Bill from the House against selling liquor, has been laid on the table in the Senate.

WEBSTER AT BUFFALO.—Mr. Webster made a speech at Buffalo, in relation to his course on the slavery question, in which he said:

We have taken our oath to support the Constitution; are we to tamper with that? Are we to falter? He spoke of no concessions! If the South wished any concession from him, they would not get it,—not a hair's breadth. If they came to his house for it, they would not get it.

He conceded nothing, but he would maintain for the South and the North, to the utmost of his power, and in the face of all danger, their rights under the Constitution, and God forsake [illegible]

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

MR. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Jed'h Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws, R. K. Grams, and C. R. Britton.*

MR. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee, assisted by *James O. Lewis and D. R. Goodwin.*

MR. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Weld, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Judkins, F. Locke, Jos. Button, Geo. P. Button, and Thos. D. Nice.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

JOHN MAJOR will receive new subscriptions in Missouri and Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULEMENT, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of J. GISH & BROTHER, *Lancaster, Pa.*
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., *Baltimore, Md.*
Of SAFFORD & PARK, *Norwich, Conn.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth Street, and 20 East Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
COURTENAY & WIENGES, *Charleston, S. C.*
Of J. WELD & Co., *New Orleans, La.*
Of J. W. RANDOLPH & Co., *Richmond, Va.*
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Of RINGGOLD & BEATTY, *Louisville, Ky.*
Of ELI ADAMS, *Salem, N. J.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorised travelling agents.

Clippings.

Better trouble, and be deceived
A thousand times by treacherous foes,
Than once accuse the innocent,
Or let suspicion mar repose.

☞ If you examine those who call themselves Infidels, who exclaim against popular prejudices, boasting of their incredulity, and defying you to satisfy or to silence them, you will, for the most part, find that they have but certain old and vulgar doubts, which have been current in all time, and still continue to be so.—*Mo*[illegible]

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, MAY 24.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Local News.

GREAT FLARE UP.—*Whig Meeting and Wm. D. Lewis.*—A large meeting of Whigs of the city and county of Philadelphia was held recently, in the Saloon of the Chinese Museum, to denounce the present Collector of the Port, Wm. D. Lewis, for uttering a sentiment which the authors of the meeting allege contains an unjust and anti-republican comment upon the mechanics and industrial classes of the whole country. The meeting was organized about eight o'clock, by calling the Hon. Philip H. Sc[illegible]very to the chair, when Mr. Samuel Lloyd came forward and proposed a long list of names as Vice Presidents and Secretaries. When the President put the question, "Shall these gentlemen be officers of this meeting?" a large number of persons cried "No," from which it became evident that there was a diversity of opinion among the masses assembled in the saloon, and a fair prospect of an animated discussion of its chief object.

The President decided that the gentlemen proposed as officers had been duly chosen, and then proceeded to state the object of the meeting. He said it had been called to give an expression of disapprobation by the Whig party of Philadelphia, of the sentiment attributed to the Collector of this Port, but as there were others present to address the meeting, he would not enlarge upon the subject.

Mr. Lloyd then came forward in behalf of the Committee of Arrangement, as he stated, to submit a preamble and several resolutions. These he read amid great applause, some groans and cries, and considerable hissing. The resolutions denounced Mr. Lewis in strong terms, for asserting of certain members of the Whig party, who had testified against him, in the recent investigation of his conduct, ordered by the President, "*that they were very well in their sphere of life, but by no means among the most respectable and influential members of the community.*" The persons here referred to were named in the resolutions, as mechanics and men of business, whose characters were above reproach, and a great deal better than that of their traducer.

The resolutions also declared that this sentiment of Mr. Lewis was a reproach to every man who earned a livelihood by the labor of his head or hand, and that it was neither republican nor in consonance with the principles of the Whig party. The resolutions also spoke in handsome terms of the great benefits conferred upon the nation by labor; and, after pledging the good will and devotion of the meeting to President Fillmore, called upon him to remove Mr. Lewis, as, such, they said, was not only the wish of a great majority of the Whigs, but of nine-tenths of the people of all parties in Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of the reading of these resolutions, there was a perfect torrent of "ayes" and "noes," shouts and hisses, amid cries of "turn out them custom-house geese," "put that fellow down—out with him," &c., &c. Several gentlemen tried to speak at once, but it was impossible for them to be heard, and in this scene of confusion, the President put the resolutions to vote and decided that they had been adopted.

The tumult thickened at this announcement, and a division was called for. A rush was then made towards the stand and a number of persons jumped upon the reporters' table in front of the staging, obliging that "most respectable and influential body" to take their hats and retire to safer quarters.

Among those who got on the table and were making their way to the platform, were James and Johnson Kelley, but as a number of the night police put on their badges about this time, and came up to [illegible]

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

[illegible]

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

FOWLERS & WELLS, 131 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, [illegible]

TUPPER'S COMPLETE WORKS. [illegible]

ANY PERSON WHO CAN AFFORD FIFTY CENTS [illegible]

I. O. O. F.

[illegible]

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This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

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COATS,	[illegible]
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ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES of modern science, for the cure of pulmonary affections, is the Balsam of Wild Cherry, and the credit of its discovery is due to the celebrated Dr. Wistar. This valuable compound has restored thousands of sufferers to health. It is expectorant, tonic, and demulcent, and is said to be purely a vegetable preparation. Under its magic influence the most obstinate coughs, colds, and bronchial irritations disappear. We have used it, and can recommend it, particularly at this season, when the great cause of disease, East winds, are so prevalent.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY
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CHEAP WATCHES, JEWELRY, &C.
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MORSE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF YELLOW DOCK ROOT.
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DEPURATIVE REMEDY
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DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
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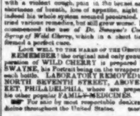

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AN ASTONISHING CURE OF EPILEPSIA
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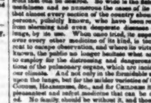

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL
For the Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.
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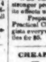
CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.



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Selected Poetry.

THE TRUEST VOICE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Voice of the Morning! sweetly wild
As the tumultuous tones of a desert child!
Bursting from midnight's dusky thrall,
Waking the wonder of the forest's hall;
Telling the sun he is welcomed yet,
And sure to the brow premature the

Voice of the Twilight! sad and low,
Making the heart to the memory go,
Breaking deep by the distant waves,
Lingering low 'mid the drooping leaves,
Telling the weary of peaceful rest,
And hushing the weary nest to rest.

Voice of the Midnight! deeply low,
Breathing the calm of the solemn sky,
Calling up thoughts like the troubled waves,
Waking the unknown of passion,
Telling of hidden things that lie
Far in the past eternity.

Voices of Earth! ye have many tones,
Where none come wrong, or the same twice,
There is no silence—for deep and strong
Both are the thrilled sound.
Through Literature's realms; but its holiest part
Is found in the depths of the human heart.

Voice of the Absent! ringing out
Through the spirit's mists, like a hidden sill;
Perchance in the Lonely cham
Yet comes with the breath of our brighter years
Forever the wandering wave down on
Forever the thousand sweet memories gone!

Voice of the Dead! the source at times
Lies a bird from the far unfriended clime;
Through cent in the watery hearts of life,
And heard in the pause of the tempest's strife!
But breathing or lightning or thunder loud,
That voice 'whom our land of promise lies!

There speaks it in the love of long ago,
To learn who hold their treasure low;
Oh! the sculpture of living love long change,
And its pleasant voices grow coldly strange;
But the grave is to keep and cannot rest!
For the golden harp cannot rest!

Life in Exile.

SKETCHES OF SIBERIA.

BY A POLISH EXILE.

[Whoever remembers Madame Cottin's touching tale of "Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia," will be interested in reading the following sketches, translated for The New York Tribune. They are written by a Polish exile, and have been handed across from the East that the author did not escape the fate to which he so forcibly alludes.]

Siberia, a land so famous, yet so little known, has, like all mysteries, invoked many fanciful descriptions. Travellers have described it as there, I wished to sketch some of its peculiarities, and to add a spiritual tailing. I will try to tell them, but even if what I say shall lack system, it will need be a valuable contribution to the history of a country so well known for its long and rewarding existence, yet rarely visited, save by those who would much more gladly go to any other land. I am a native of Siberia, and have come to speak my native land, it will be my pleasure to endeavor to do justice to my own limited experience, and to give them an adequate form.

I am a Political Prisoner, and my punishment is hereditary. But political offenders are not dangerous, and so, also, have their retributions. There are four grades of punishment in Siberia:—

First—Residence in a city.

Second—Service in a Siberian battalion.

Third—Colonization.

Fourth—Public labor—in other words, work in the mines.

There is also a fifth grade, which is, however, but a greater degree of the fourth.—*Prisoner in company.*

Whoever is sentenced to a residence in a city retains his rights as a nobleman. He can correspond with his friends, although naturally the letters must undergo passage through the hands of the Mayor of the city, and is very limited in its scope. The prisoner must not go beyond the limits which have been fixed for him by the government, does not visit him or receive him, and is not constrained to labor.

Whenever it is specified it is a burthen has the same privilege of correspondence, under the same restrictions.

The political colonists take their name from the fact that they were formerly only allowed to live in the villages, but this restriction has been done away with, and they must now live on the Crown lands. Land is given for them, and they receive a small sum for seed, and exemption from taxes and military service, and are exempt from the law. Yet they belong still to the village, and may live with their wives and friends. At present the colonists mostly live in the city, are not forced to work, and have no political restrictions, except that of the ordinary police.

Those who are condemned to a living death in the mines of the far north, there to perish, or else to endurance of suffering to become colonists, are chained together in gangs of twenty, each with beasts of burden, with tools and machines. All human intercourse has ceased for them—they are buried alive, and are entirely beyond the Law.

The Companion-Prisoners are compelled to the most loathsome labor in the forts and prisons—always near chains—and have the hard half starved. This state is considered the lowest of all. Russian social ranks admit nothing lower. It is a great mercy to be sent either to the mines or to the colonies, in the eyes of the prisoners they have great importance, especially the north of Siberia, which is long and cold enough to call for the condemned to climb to the rights and importunes even of this class.

The punishments for the prisoners result their appointed places of punishment depends mainly upon the number and merit upon the history of the Judges.

As far as Tobolsk the transport generally goes by water, and the rest of the journey is made by post road. The third and fourth classes of the convicts go on foot the rest of the journey on foot, laden with chains, and in company with the other banished men, together, with whom they are chained two and two. The political prisoner soldier and more hostilities than the executive of such a prisoner. For five years I myself served as a soldier, and I suffered. They do indeed, with some human feeling, allow them wretched conveyances, and even the blinder the necessary they pass them? In the jails upon the desert, close by the post stations—jails devoted to the very scum of society, and in full view of the horses and carriages whose use is denied to their suffering companions.

The population of Siberia is divided into three classes—those of the crown, tow'ons, and colonists—of these the crown are master, and is free from forced labor. With a little care, he can provide everything easy. Coming from the first, he throws himself eagerly into the stream of trade, and becomes a merchant. The colonist has not even neither by religion nor his interests. Even when it is of no personal advantage he has to the best of it, and why should he complain. Complains the fortunate victim, when he regards as his own property all that he can lay his hands on? Let him not hide himself in the depths of the mines, he is a Russian, he answers—No, I am a Siberian. But you will much mistaken if you expect to find him a peaceful citizen.

The native is Russian through and through, and shares all the Russian faults and virtues—and his has no hospitable recollections of the past—no national prejudices to suggest—it is the mere accident of nature. God's mercy. He is more near to those opposite to the Tartars, who, according to the Russian proverb, "Are Russians, only they are scattered about among the forests." Among these the hunger for home is the highest, and whose, as it seem, of their former dig is always desirous to return, for as a Russian, from whose hearts all hope of freedom has died away, and who have no longer even the idea of a fatherland, to their sons it is a strange and foreign country, and to their grandchildren it is a land of their descendants. It matters not that you do not understand the words of the song—its spirit is evident enough. It is the hair of a remarkable race saying, upon the graves of his fathers, a prayer which he does not himself understand.

The Siberian Russian has no thought for the future. There is but one thing which occupies his present moment—and that moment a continued enjoyment of insanity, boiling and fat. Vainly do you speak to him of Heaven, for his heaven is where he finds schnapps, tea, and a larger bath. God, for him, is the sun, and he has no more property or a convenience, before which a lump lasts and by which he hands and feet and himself when he enters the room. This necessary in the whole trend of the Siberian and Russian character, and I have lived in Siberia, and I have lived it in not about them, I have never heard a mother teach her child to pray.

The moralized differs from the present only in appearance. But he is quicker to take out, and is of more consideration in the world, he gives more stability to land. If he does not prepare the fire to consume, and plant it in the ashes. This is shown in the proverb—"Where a Russian father settles a fire has no chance."

The Kirghis extremely resemble the Tartars, and have, like them, ugly features, small eyes, dusky eye in the land, exciting black hair, and a pale complexion. But the resemblance is only external. The Tartar has more intellectual activity, and has become a gifted, powerful, and ruling tradesman, while the Kirghis still lives in the state of the Steppes. Many impartial travellers have described the Kirghis as a people of the heart and even of the mind, and I myself have found it a good deal so. The tongue of Jehovah in the same Church, and the Kirghis, both of which, several Kirghis, even intended to improve the spectator with a sense of the size of God. But the same characteristics of all, is my judgment, is the Russian—of Yagodnoi, a peculiar national predilection, of which I must complain.

He is either a native or a condemned of one of the ten lower grades, who has somewhere committed his life and gained a home. He is taught in Tobolsk, in the upper Church, but as soon the go and find the passenger can easily read the Russian and of the immediate neighborhood of Tobolsk, in the town of Jobrosh in the same Church, and in the Kirghis Steppes. Next to a Russian, even intended to improve the spectator with a sense of the size of God. But the same characteristics of all, is my judgment, is the Russian—of Yagodnoi, a peculiar national predilection, of which I must complain.

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The Arabs which also inhabit the present and the Kirghis Steppes, are the finest race in Siberia. The continuous the steppe lives in his land in open the same of Siberia, and the Russian people, and the Government either by the Russian people, and the Government either by the Russian people, and the Government either by